

Good Morning

450

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town News

MEN'S MENU BEST.

SALISBURY, famous Cathedral city, was the first place in Britain to institute a men's cookery class.

That was last winter, and the experiment was a great success.

After completing the course of lessons the men were keen to prove how proficient they were in the culinary art, and threw out a challenge to members of the A.T.S. to an electric cooking competition.

Eight men were matched against eight girls—several of whom were housewives in civil life.

The men's team included a Cathedral dignitary, a bank manager, a company director, a chartered accountant, an education officer, and a farmer.

Competitors had to prepare and cook an omelette, a sausage toad-in-the-hole, and jam tarts. Points were awarded for method, cleanliness and tidiness, in addition to the actual cooking.

And the winners were—the men. Only competitor to gain full marks was Mr. A. W. J. Cross, an employee of Salisbury Electric Light Company.

LANDLORD'S LAMENT.

A PUBLICAN in an East Dorset market town, who had suffered considerably by the theft of glasses during rush hours, decided to safeguard his rapidly diminishing stock of glasses by charging customers a shilling deposit on each glass.

When he checked up the glasses at the end of the first evening he found he had about 70 more than he started with!

The mystery was solved when landlords of other pubs in the neighbourhood complained that their losses of glasses had increased as a result of their enterprising colleague's experiment.

Now he's thinking up a new idea for outwitting the glass-thieves.

COLD CONSOLATION.

A FAIR damsel living in the Southampton suburb of Swaythling washed a set of dainty "undies" and left them on a clothes line in the back garden to dry.

When, later, she went out to bring them in she found they had vanished.

Some covetous person had "snatched" them.

On a support of the clothes post the loser found half-a-crown, apparently left there by the culprit in payment—or as a conscience-salver.

"Coupons would have been more acceptable," commented the aggrieved damsel.

"EDIE" MAKES GOOD.

WHEN a Southampton firm of house-painters and decorators wanted another hand

some months ago they applied to the local Labour Exchange.

The manager of the firm was surprised when the Exchange sent him a woman—Mrs. Edith Hickman, Southampton's first and only house-painter and decorator.

He was at first reluctant to employ her, and tried to discourage her by saying that the work of house-painting was hard and dirty.

But, yielding to her appeal, he decided to give her a week's trial. And he has not regretted it, for "Edie" has proved an excellent worker and as skilled as any man.

She recently completed the re-decoration of a house, inside and out, entirely on her own, and was commended by her "boss" and her work-mates on a first-rate job.

Birmingham-born, "Edie" was a waitress and barmaid before she married. Her husband is now serving in the R.A.F. and they have three daughters.

"I love house-painting, and hope to be able to continue working at it after the war," says "Edie."

PUB HISTORY.

BEER seems to be as scarce as bananas in some Welsh pubs where "rationed" drinking is now in operation. Drink between 12 and 2 in town and from 6 to 8 in the "locals" is the slogan of the publican.

So lots of the boys who have long spells between pints, which have to last more than "double time," are now speculating on pub history.

Did you know that among the 16th century places of call in Cardiff are "The Porcupine," "The Royal Oak," "King David," "Little Swan," "The Cow," "The Blue Anchor," and the "Shoulder of Mutton"? There is one pub still going as strong as supplies allow which was built in the 16th century. It is "The Globe" in Womanby Street, opposite Cardiff Castle.

But pride of place as an antique goes to "The Carlton," in Queen Street. It carries on the licence of a very ancient house, "The Mason's Arms," which first functioned in the 15th century. It opened when St. John's Church was being built. In those days anyone could open a pub without having to secure a licence.

It was the masons engaged on the church building who decided to secure a place to wet their whistles. So they called it "The Masons."

NO SEATS.

WHEN the Paulette Goddard-Fred MacMurray comedy, "Standing Room Only," was on show at the Odeon, Plymouth, the title was displayed on the facade in red letters, brilliant and bold.

So bold that an old lady asked at the box-office how long she would have to stand before there were any seats!

BEER TICKETS.

A PUBLICAN at Millbridge, Plymouth, tried out a beer-rationing scheme, giving the first 150 customers on a Sunday night two tickets, each valid for a pint of beer.

It worked pretty well, but one naval P.O. who came too late to get any tickets, and was offered cider or gin, cut up rough and called a cop.

The policeman smilingly smoothed over the situation, but the P.O. left without his beer!

THE HARE IS TOO HUMAN

GREYHOUND racing, with its many points of interest, was again the topic for discussion by the cronies at the Jolly Roger the other evening.

The guv'nor mentioned that he was looking forward to the day when peace-time activities could be resumed, and then he intended to buy one or two high-class greyhounds for Jim Horton to train for him.

Bernard Binks, the bookmaker, agreed that the game would probably reach new heights in popularity, but suggested that there was still room for improvement.

"I know something about jiggery-pokery in racing," said Bernard, "but, taken all round, I think you can say that the greyhound game is as straight as any, and perhaps straighter than most sports where betting is the main consideration."

"I HAVE stated more than once that you have to make allowances for little mishaps and for greyhounds falling a trifle below their best occasionally, but other than this you can almost say that a greyhound runs with the precision of a machine."

"I'll agree," said Nat, "that the greyhound is as honest as any living creature, but I wouldn't say that about some of the people who handle the dogs. I'd like to think that every trainer was as straight as our old friend Jim, but I know I should be too optimistic."

"Oh, they have to be very careful now," said Jim. "It is more than any trainer's job is worth to be found neglecting to produce his greyhounds perfectly fit for racing, and as for attempting to dope them, why that just isn't done by anyone who gets his living in the kennels. Only a few skunks outside the game would stoop to that."

"No. I am not suggesting that there is anything wrong with that side of the business," said Bernard. "My idea in the way of improvements is that wherever possible the human element should be obviated."

"Take, for instance, the timing of races. You know that the times form the basis for the grader to work on in his making up of the races, and, for the student of form, it is essential for the official times to be correct to within one-hundredth of a second."

"Now, I know several good watch-holders, but if you could know the truth, you would be sure that they cannot be deadly accurate as often as 99 times out of a hundred. The possibility of only a slight error is always there. Yet you will find quite a large number of tracks where hand-timing is still employed."

"What do you suggest is the best method to employ?" asked the guv'nor.

"Why, the broken ray, or more correctly the selenium cell," answered Bernard.

"This is the most reliable method of timing it is possible to employ for the purpose of greyhound racing. I have it on the authority of those who use it, that it very seldom breaks down. In any event, it cannot vary like the reaction of a man's eye and

hand. It either works or it doesn't, and in the event of a breakdown there is always the hand-watch to act as a check."

"What do you think lies behind the refusal of the people who won't have ray timing?" asked the guv'nor.

"It may be sheer obstinacy

the hare-drivers I know become so clever at the game that they can fetch up any dog they wish, even if he happens to be last at the half-way mark. It may sound a trifle far-fetched, but it is certainly true.

"Now, you may ask, is this man paid the salary of a high court judge in order that he may be placed beyond temptation? He is not. In fact, he is not at all highly paid. As often as not he is an electrician and has to work all day overhauling the tote machinery and the electrical driving gear, together with a hundred and one other jobs before climbing into his box to drive the hare at night.

"If he chose to be dishonest, it is in his power to make a very large income, and it is not right, in my opinion, that any one man connected with a sport in which so much money changes hands should be placed in this position."

"How are you going to alter it?" asked the guv'nor.

"Make the hare-driving mechanism automatic," answered Bernard. "Even if there is a likelihood of a false start, that would not be half as bad as the knowledge that the hare-driver had brought his skill to bear to alter the true running of a race."

"If all I've been told is true," said Jim, "the idea is not practicable. Several of us have taken this matter up with the big-wigs at various times—of course, we all have our own ideas concerning the way the hare should be driven—and we have asked why it is that nobody has introduced the automatically-controlled hare."

The track people say that it would mean too many re-run races and they don't want any trouble of this sort.

In the days before the tote was the big factor in betting it did not matter how many of the races had to be re-run, but now they very rarely call a race void, for the simple reason that there is not time enough to return all the tote tickets and to take the volume of betting on the following race.

"You know as well as I do that the tote is the big money-maker, and many a blind eye is turned these days for the sake of the machine."

"I know well enough that you are right in your rendering of the track people's ideas on the automatically-controlled hare, but when they say that it is not practicable they are just talking a lot of tripe. Bless my Aunt Fanny! Haven't they heard about George? No. Not the George who had always gone to lunch when someone wanted him. I mean the automatic pilot on the big bombing planes."

"If they can make an automaton that can steer an aeroplane on a straight course all

the way across the Atlantic Ocean, it would be child's play to design a control that could operate a dummy hare for the short space of thirty seconds, which is the average time for a race over 500 yards."

"Yes," said the guv'nor, "that sounds sense to me. I should like to hear what argument they will put up when that explanation is given them next time they are asked to do away with the human hare-driver. When the good days come again, as come they must—we hope—I shall pursue this idea and do all I can to get one of the big tracks to make a start."

"Just wait until competition becomes fierce again, and the tracks are trying to put up big attractions to draw the crowds, then you will see that the first to make a move towards installing automatic hare-drive will get most of the people."

"Well, guv'nor, I wish you the best of luck in your efforts to persuade one of the tracks to make a start with automatic drive. If you succeed, you will earn the thanks of many thousands, but you will not find it easy. It would be worse than useless for me, as a bookmaker, to put up any organised effort because directly bookmakers want anything done the track people begin to think they will lose something."

All the same, if nothing is done after a reasonable time, I think I have a plan to force the hand of these backward gentlemen. I cannot disclose it now, but I think it will work. There are easier ways of getting rid of your mother-in-law than by cutting her throat. Just a little subtlety is all that is necessary. We shall see."

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

You would not think that straws could be driven into wooden posts. But they were. It occurred in Florida in 1926, when a tornado of 200 m.p.h. raced over the State. After it had passed it was found that straws lifted from fields had been driven into the wooden fence uprights.

They have the Manx Tynwald in the Isle of Man. It is a hill, from the top of which the Isle's laws are read every year. The hill is artificial and is composed of earth gathered from all of the seventeen parishes of the island and deposited at this spot.

Where's that Ring, A.B. James McLeish?

WHEN we asked for news from home for you, A.B. James McLeish, your mother and father at 2 City Road, Dundee, told us to give you the latest football information and you would be happy!

We have more important news than that, though—we can tell you that everything and everyone at home is as well as could be.

Your father is still working hard for the railway, and your sister Jessie is on war work. Her boy friend, by the way, is in a tank in Italy. She's looking forward

to his return on account of the wedding being fixed for his first leave.

It seems you, too, promised a young lady a ring. Remember? Well, sister Ruby hasn't forgotten, and she requests that we remind you. Brother Jack is pretty well and keeping cheerful. He's looking forward to hearing some more of your exploits.

Several of your pals at West Station ask about you when they see any of the family, and they, too, are anxious to get some news of your activities.

Remember your school pal,



John Swann? He was very badly knocked about in France, but he's home now and making a good recovery. A letter from you would be very welcome.

And there's Bert Kennedy, of course; he asks after you when he gets home on leave. You have a surprise com-

ing your way next leave, your father promises; he is learning snooker, and is confident of teaching you a thing or three, so get some practice in, sailor.

That, with the exception of your fondest wishes from all, is your news ration from home for to-day.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A PALAEOONTOLOGIST, a Geologist, an Archaeologist and an Anthropologist discuss:

We read from time to time of the discovery of some prehistoric monster, said to be so many millions of years old. How do we know the ages of such fossils? Can scientists prove their claim to the immense antiquity of their finds?

Geologist: "It is, of course, true that we cannot claim to be able to give a date to a fossil, as historians can to the birth of a king, and we may often be 'out' by several million years. Nevertheless, the word 'million' is not used in a Pickwickian sense. It is used to convey a broad idea of time, true within wide limits."

"If a *Brontosaurus* is said to be a hundred million years old, that does not mean that the particular specimen in question was born exactly a hundred million years ago, but only that it is one member of a race of reptiles which flourished, say, more than fifty million years ago, but less than two hundred million years ago."

"The expression is used rather like the historian's use of '12th century' to date a particular style of costume."

Palaontologist: "The interesting question is how we arrive at the limits. This is chiefly the work of the stratigraphical geologist, who estimates the age of the rocks in which the fossils are found. For example, there are numerous fossils found in our chalk rocks which are never found elsewhere, and it is safe to say that their age is the age of the chalk rocks."

"The stratigrapher knows how many thousand feet of sediments have been laid

To-day's Brains Trust

down since the chalk formation was completed, by the simple process of measuring in suitable localities."

"The slowest and fastest rates at which such sediments could accumulate is ascertained by observing the process of sedimentation going on to-day."

A little arithmetic then gives you the maximum and minimum possible ages for the top of the chalk. The average works out at about 30,000,000 years."

Anthropologist: "In the case of human remains it is possible also to enlist the help of the chemist, for human bones only a few thousand years old may still retain recognisably organic tissues."

"Experts know how long it takes for a bone to become entirely mineralised."

"So they have little hesitation in saying that the Piltdown skull, for instance, is at least two hundred thousand years old, for it contained no organic matter whatever."

Archaeologist: "Generally speaking, the nearer we ap-

proach to historic times the more accurate we are, because there has been less opportunity for time and the weather to destroy the evidence."

"Fossils and flint implements which have been buried do, of course, often appear in rocks much deeper and older than themselves, but the signs of burial are always quite easy to spot."

"It is just as easy to see if a find occurs in undisturbed strata, and this is held to give indisputable evidence of its place in geological history."

Geologist: "The fact that fossils belonging to very old rocks may be picked up on the surface may require a brief explanation."

"The layers of sedimentary rocks covering the surface of the earth are seldom level."

"The constant slow buckling of the crust has bent and folded them to an astonishing degree, so that a formation which clearly belongs to a great depth may be brought up to form a mountain."

"On its way up, the sea and the weather may have removed all the overlying rocks, so that locally the old rocks are exposed."

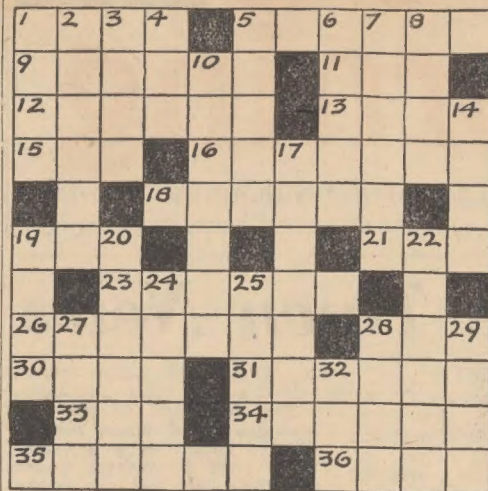
"It is often only by a painstaking comparison between exposures in many different districts, and the results of well-sinkings and borings, that the true rock-sequence is discovered."

Palaontologist: "Yes, and the results are surprising. It has been found that the total thickness of rocks deposited since the oldest fossils were alive runs into some hundreds of miles, though the rocks nowhere approach this thickness in any one locality to-day."

"The oldest fossils are probably about 600,000,000 years old."

"The youngest fossils—that is, those which are all but simply bones and shells which have got buried—are about 10,000 years old. Many of these species are still found living to-day, but nearly all the older species are quite extinct."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Shine.
- 5 Wedge.
- 9 Account.
- 11 Admit.
- 12 Roadway.
- 13 Mineral.
- 15 Coal
- 16 Sailor.
- 18 Join by
- 19 Cricket score.
- 21 Cry.
- 23 Girl's name.
- 26 Scraped off.
- 28 Nursing
- 30 Frock.
- 31 State.
- 33 S. American
- 34 Method.
- 35 Rank.
- 36 Fish.

SCENT VESTA

WAX IDEAL I

ERUPT TRAPS

DELL LENTIL

E TAPER EKE

BAD TONES D

ACUMEN FUSE

TENON STALL

O COCOA VIA

NEEDY PIETY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Snatch.
- 2 Frivolity.
- 3 Manifest.
- 4 Gained.
- 5 Come quietly.
- 6 Funny.
- 7 Weaves.
- 8 As soon as.
- 10 Ceased.
- 14 Asiatic.
- 17 Inflexibly.
- 19 Boast.
- 20 Insect.
- 22 Wild ass.
- 24 Land unit.
- 25 Let.
- 27 Sustained.
- 28 Prohibition.
- 29 Size of paper.
- 32 Money.

230,000 PILLS— Sam took 'em

PROFESSOR J. DRUMMOND, scientific adviser to the Ministry of Food, recently expressed his fear that we were becoming a nation of pill-takers.

The number of vitamin and other "pep" pills sold recently seems to have increased, but it may be doubtful whether we are really greater pill-takers than our great-grandparents.

Certainly there is no one living who is likely to equal the achievement of Samuel Jessup, who set up a British, and probably world, record by swallowing an average of 25 pills a day for 25 years, washing them down with 40,000 bottles of other medicines!

Samuel Jessup, born in the middle of the 18th century, became a wealthy sheep farmer at Heckington, in Lincolnshire. He acquired his curious habit of taking pills, tonics, purges, powders, jaleps and mixtures before, after and between meals, on rising and on lying down, from his mother, who was an amateur herbalist.

Laid Out

His father appears to have been a heavy drinker, and his mother eventually withdrew into her room, which was packed with every kind of drug and herb for concocting medicines.

Many of these were given to young Samuel, and the records suggest he did not at first take to them kindly. Indeed, he was once "laid out" for five days by a potent mixture designed to purify his blood, and only saved by the doctor.

JANE



Mrs. Jessup eventually passed from eccentricity to lunacy, and died protesting because the bystanders would not hand her some medicine she had made up.

Apparently, by this time young Samuel had acquired the medicine-taking habit. He never explained why he took the medicines, and to puzzled friends, who knew he had never had a day's illness, he would simply mutter "It's good for me."

He was a powerfully-built man, and, in spite of what he swallowed, did not die until two years after Waterloo, when he was 62 years old.

Lotions Too

As he grew older he took more and more pills. In 1810 he was averaging only a few a day. In 1812 he worked up to 50 a day, and in 1814 broke all records by swallowing 142 pills a day. In addition, he was always drinking medicine, and consumed several hundred-weights of powders mixed with jam and honey.

He kept all his bills, and hence the record of his achievements.

Shortly before his death he was sued by an apothecary, whose bill covered 55 closely written columns.

The letter of Martin Higgins, apothecary, asking for payment, survives. It says: "I have to remind you that your account with me is still unsettled, despite my repeated requests for payment. You are now in my debt to the extent of £675 11s. 6d. on account of—item 717 boxes of pills, value

£17 8s. 9d.; item 11,440 bottles of medicine and jalep, value £585 6s. 0d.; item sundry powders and mixtures, value £62 15s. 3d.

"I demand that you look into this matter at once. Should you fail to do so within the period of a week from the present date, I shall put the account in the hands of my solicitor. You derived benefits from these valuable pills and mixtures; cannot you pay up like a man?" Jessup was a wealthy man, but he did not pay, and was taken to court.

The apothecary wanted to read the full list in court, but the judge soon told him to stop, and Jessup did not dispute the details. His defence was that the medicines had not done him any good and must therefore be inferior!

Judgment went against him, the judge remarking that, regardless of whether they did him good, he was lucky to be alive!

J. M. Michaelson

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The celebrated Soviet Museum in Moscow was at one time a church, built by Ivan the Terrible. Its roofs are fantastic, and are composed of representations of various fruits, such as apples, pineapples, melons and other varieties.

A very strange creature is a glass snake. It gets its name because it is so brittle that when struck a blow it breaks in two parts.

When a golf club hits the ball it flattens the side—temporarily. This was proved by high-speed photography, and caused many scientists to completely alter their theories of flight of balls.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.

Pope.

WANGLING WORDS—389

1. Put an article in ANS and get a capital answer.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Phedshers a thign ta der tigheld a kys si.
3. In the following four writing materials the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 72534L, 7872R, 456, 725.
4. Find the two hidden composers in: Seizing the swag, Nero covered his hand, eluded the guards and fled.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 388

1. CEmenT.
2. Marry in haste, repent at leisure.
3. Poplar, Lime, Oak, Willow.
4. D-I-am-on-d, Op-al.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Like darts, y'see, Bert! Yer starts with a double!"

QUIZ for today

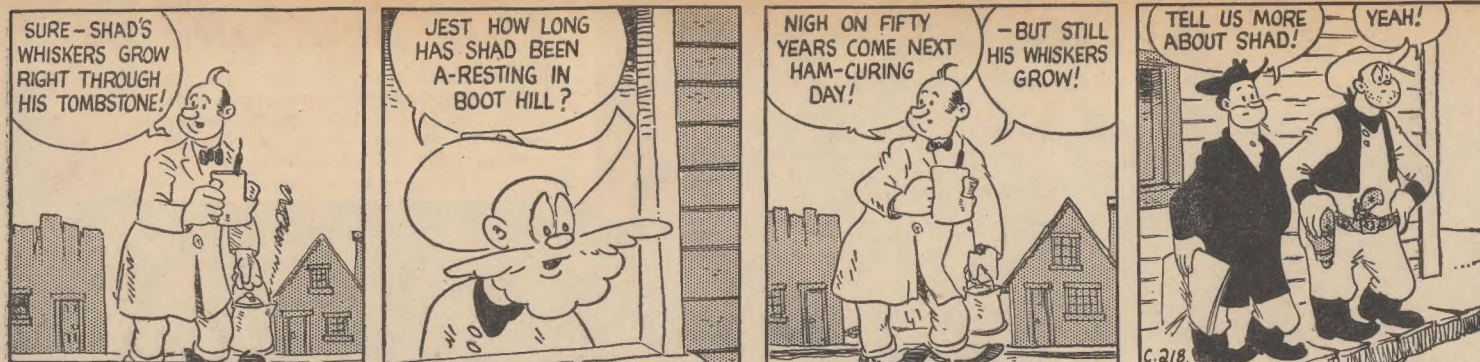
1. A Nawab is a piece of land between two rivers, an Indian prince, a knob on a banister rail, a bird?
2. How many birds can you think of beginning with T?
3. On English coins, which way do the following kings' heads face, the right or left? (a) George V, (b) George VI.
4. What and where is the Kuro Siwo?
5. In what game is a china ball used?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Kish, Kiosk, Kiss, Kosh, Kist.

Answers to Quiz in No. 449

1. Nest.
2. Cricket, Croquet, Cribbage, Chess, etc.
3. Ton of half-sovereigns. (A ton of gold is better than half a ton!)
4. Two; a Bantu is an African native.
5. (a) A couch, (b) a light gate-leg table, (c) a light trolley for papers and magazines.
6. Sain.



BEELZEBUB JONES



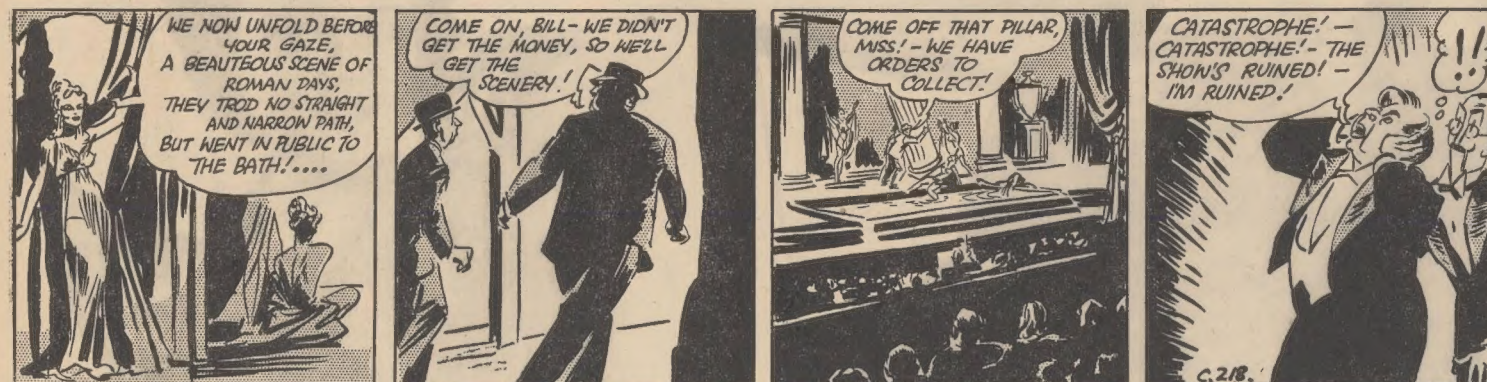
BELINDA



POPEYE



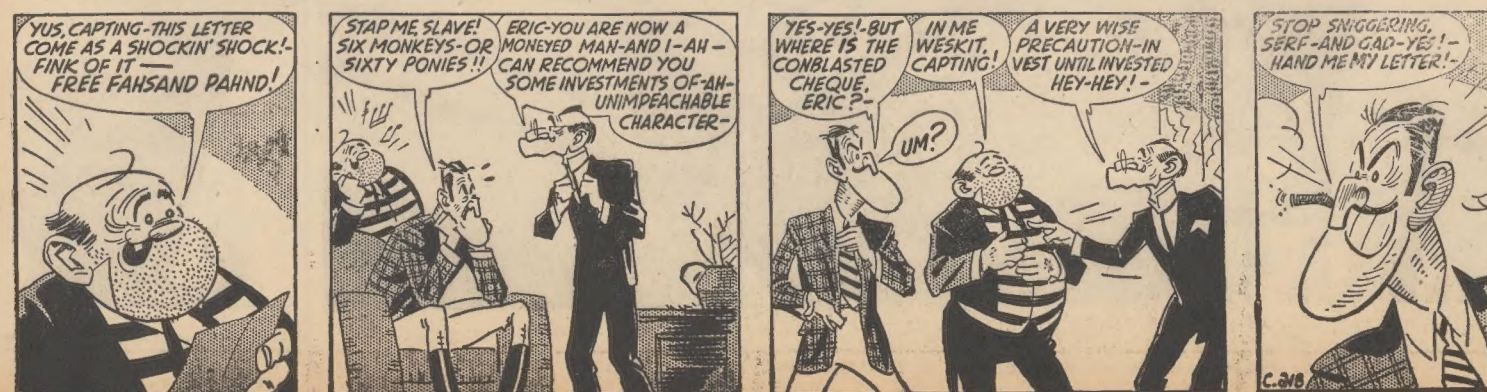
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

HOME TOWN NEWS.—(Exclusive.)

AS usual, there is a shortage of beer in Birmingham pubs. Many of them are closed at least one evening a week.

Many of the pubs in Liverpool are closed, as usual, at least one evening a week, owing to a shortage of beer.

My local correspondent in Plymouth wires me that, as usual, many of the local pubs are closed one or two evenings a week.

From inquiries he has made, he has come to the conclusion that this is possibly, though not definitely, due to shortage of supplies.

My own 'local' is, as usual, suffering—(So am I, as usual. That's enough of that.—Ed. "G.M.")

SPORTING NEWS.—(Exclusive.)

George Allison, according to a source that can be regarded as reliable, is now manager of Arsenal football team.

Aston Villa hope to win the Cup again some day, before many years are out. This news has been confirmed by our correspondent in Birmingham.

Cup Finals will again, probably, be played at the Wembley Stadium.

Phil Scott is no longer heavy-weight champion of somewhere.

Sir Pelham Warner is unlikely to play any more cricket.

"Bunny" Austin is still in America. (I wish you were.—Ed. "G.M.")

THEATRICAL NEWS.—(Exclusive.)

Noel Coward wrote a new play last night; and Ivor Novello, according to a well-known West End manager, has composed some new (or fairly new) music.

In informed circles it is thought unlikely that J. B. Priestley will refrain from writing any more plays.

Another troupe sponsored by F.N.S.A. will be going overseas shortly, so it is said.

Owing to the heavy pressure on the railways necessitated by war requirements, it is reported that the "Ghost Train" may be suspended. (It looks as if you might be, too.—Ed. "G.M.")

NAVAL QUIZ.—(Exclusive.)

1. Who or what is or are or were: Gash, kye, nigger's spit, bandmaster, Fanny Adams, and plue?

2. What is the difference between a Red Admiral and an Admiral of the Red?

3. What ship did Tom Bowling last serve in?

4. What goes in the scran-bag—Dandyfunk, dead Marines, farmyard nuggets, junk or crackerjack?

5. When do you say a man is "bonkers"?

(You ought to know.—Ed. "G.M.")

STOP-PRESS.—(Exclusive.)

There is still a shortage of — in certain — in certain places. Many of them are — on certain evenings.—(Censored.)

GREAT THOUGHTS.—(Exclusive.)

The men of the Royal Navy deserve well of their country, and those of the Submarine Service deserve most.—Odo Drew.

On the whole we have a good-looking Navy. But the Submarine Service lead all the rest.—Odo Drew.

For smartness, intelligence, charm, courtesy, savoir faire and generosity, the Submarine Service is *ne plus ultra*.—Odo Drew. (And you are evidently *non compos mentis*.—Ed. "G.M.")

EASTERN FRONT.—(Exclusive.)

Wilfred Pickles, the famous Russian war correspondent, wires me that the Red Army is advancing forward well to windward. They are making very little leeway. The Germans are making heavy weather of it. (The "it" probably refers to the Russian onslaught.) The Soviet troops, says Pickles, are streaming ahead on a front that is ever so wide and have penetrated the German positions ever so far. They are going ever so quickly. (So will you, before long.—Ed. "G.M.")

PACIFIC WAR.—(Exclusive.)

I learn on authority which is authoritative that the Japanese Army in China is very short of geishas, which have been sent to the Philippines to replace the rickshaws damaged by American bombing.

The Foreign Office tells me that the Japanese Forces have not the guts that they used to have. This is due, it is stated, to the fact that so many have committed hara-kiri.

Madam Butterfly, the well-known Japanese opera singer, has escaped to American-held territory, I am informed by Lieut. Pinkerton, U.S.N. (Hold me back!—Ed. "G.M.")

VERY EXCLUSIVE.

I have just discovered that Odo Drew, the "G.M." columnist, is in reality General von Hindenburg, the famous German general of the last war. He has been arrested and will be shot.—Ed. "G.M."

LATE NIGHT FINAL.

As usual, perseverance has won. I have been trying for months to drive the Editor "crackers." That I have succeeded I think the above paragraph proves without a doubt. I am, of course, not von Hindenburg, but Cardinal Richelieu or Frederic the Great, I forget which.—Signed: ODO DREW.

EPILOGUE.

There is still a shortage of beer.—(Official.)

Good Morning

That stern, keen look that means bull-dog plus terrier.



This Scotland

In beautiful Glen Dochart, Perthshire. Here are the Dochart Rapids at Killin, in full spate after heavy rainfall. Soon these turbulent waters will be quietened in the placid Loch Tay.



MOY! MOY!
Here's La Wong of Windmill fame relaxing before going on.



The show goes on at the Windmill London. These five charmers do no less than five shows a day.

Left to right.—Sylvia Dove, Jackie Jennings, Moy Wong, Viki Emra, Pat Rathael.

They work hard, they play hard, and London loves it

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What Grace!
What Charm!
What Wong!"

